things you said, alternate by Browneyesparker

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Summary:

Original and alternate or continuations of stories in my "things you said" series. Mileven. Stranger Things.

things you said, alternate

Author's Note:

> As promised, the original “things you said through your teeth”!

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things you said through your teeth

“We’re so not going to get away with this!” Mike says, it’s the dead of night and they’re sneaking around, something that he never thought his rule following Eleven would ever do.

“Did you say something?” Eleven asks sweetly, turning around to look at him.

“No!” Mike lies.

“Okay,” Eleven answers, turning back around and making her way to his neighbor’s yard in pursuit of winning the dare.

The Lowes are the first people in the neighborhood to have an in ground pool and they are out of the town for the week, visiting family in Charleston. Mike is hosting an all-nighter and they are in the middle of a fierce game of truth or dare.

It was Lucas’s idea to send them on a midnight jaunt to jump into the pool. Mike finds himself wishing he’d asked for a truth and not a dare but his friends have been hounding him about his feelings for Eleven for weeks—

“Mike, you should lead the way,” Eleven says, breaking into his thoughts.

“Oh, right!” Mike laughs a little bit. “I mean I know where the Lowes live!”

In a matter of minutes he is shimming up their wooden fence, Eleven follows a few seconds later choosing not to use her powers because

she secretly likes it when he gives her a boost.

“Who wants to go in first?” Mike asks jokingly.

“Let’s go together,” Eleven suggests.

“We’re going to get in so much trouble,” Mike says through his teeth.

“Close your eyes!” Eleven orders.

“Wha—!?” Mike doesn’t even have a chance to because she’s out of his old dress shirt before he can react. She’s standing in front of him in a neon pink bra and cut-offs, she wraps her arms around her chest modestly and gives him a withering look.

“I said to close your eyes!” Eleven chides.

Mike blushes. “*You* close your eyes!” he says.

Fair is fair though and she watches him, dissolving into giggles when she says how white his upper-body is. He has spent the summer in the library reading every new fantasy novel while writing a new Dungeons & Dragons campaign.

Mike blushes and he grits his teeth. *“El!”*

“Pretty!” Eleven says, she’s still laughing though so Mike doesn’t know if she’s being serious or not.

“We still have to jump in the pool,” Mike reminds her, fighting off the embarrassment. “Or we’ll have to pay the forfeit and I *really* don’t want to find out what kind of forfeit they have in store for us!”

Knowing his friends, it’s probably a kiss with everybody watching.

“We should probably do it,” Eleven says, she knows all about forfeits, a little earlier she had failed to complete a dare and Lucas had given her the barest drop of Tabasco sauce on her tongue. “Bad stuff’ll happen if we don’t!”

She slips her hand in his and together they jump in the pool.

When they surface, Mr. Lowe is shining a flashlight in their eyes.

“Michael Wheeler! What *are* you doing!?” He demands.

“We’re playing truth or dare with Dustin and Lucas and Will!” Mike is quick to clarify. “When did you get back from the beach?”

Eleven, suddenly embarrassed by her state of undress, ducks behind him.

“Damn kids!” Mr. Lowe mutters. “I cannot wait until the novelty of a pool in the neighborhood wears off and I can continue to live my life in peace!”

He disappears and Mike hurries Eleven up the metal ladder, stopping to see if she’s okay when she bangs her knee hard on the side of the pool. She winces but doesn’t complain. He scrambles to get their t-shirts.

He stops short when he sees Mr. Lowe return. “We’re screwed,” he says tersely. “So screwed! I bet he has a gun!”

“Gun?” Eleven repeats and Mike sees her 1am stories flash over her face, the terror is palpable. She’s probably right back in the lab, 12-years-old again and all alone. He wants to kick himself for being so stupid.

“Michael! Eleanor! Where are you going?” Mr. Lowe asks coming over to them and brandishing two striped towels in their direction. “You better get dried off before you leave! And the next time you want to go swimming, knock on the front door and *ask* during the *day*. And make sure you have your swimsuits!”

Mike drapes a towel over Eleven’s shoulders and nods, apologizing again.

“It was for a dare,” Mike explains again.

Mr. Lowe softens. He’s always liked the Wheeler boy. He doesn’t really know the Byer-Hopper girl that well, except that it’s like she dropped out of the sky one day in 1984 and she and Mike are constantly joined at the hip.

“Michael, stop worrying about it,” Mr. Lowe finally says, he looks at Eleven. “Eleanor, don’t look so scared. I don’t bite.”

Mike laughs nervously and puts his arm around Eleven. “We should get going. The guys are probably wondering where we are! They’re probably going to come looking for us soon, actually!”

Mr. Lowe nods and watches as Mike picks up their shirts and helps Eleven into her’s. They hold hands and run into the night.

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When they get back to the Wheeler basement, Mike expects them to be worried sick. But they are watching a videotape like they own the place, their game of Truth Or Dare forgotten.

“You’re *all* dead!” Mike says tersely, his teeth gritted.

“You’re alive!” Dustin cheers.

“We could be dead or kidnapped right now,” Mike points out.

“You weren’t gone long enough to be dead,” Lucas replies, rolling his eyes. “Anyways, did you actually do it? Or do you need to pay the forfeit?”

“We did!” El replies, lifting her chin defiantly, stepping closer to Mike, almost challenging Lucas to try and make them pay a forfeit.

“Their hair *is* wet,” Will points out, always the peacemaker.

“Did you get caught?” Dustin asks.

“Yeah we got caught!” Mike answers. “The Lowes are home from the beach early! Mr. Lowe came out and found us!”

“They’re so dead!” Dustin exclaims, hitting Lucas on the head with a comic book.

“He was nice!” Mike hurries to assure him.

“He had towels, not a gun!” Eleven adds, causing the guys to frown at

each other.

“Gun?” Will repeats, blanching slightly.

“It’s official, Eleven and Mike are the winners!” Dustin declares.

Mike and Eleven high-five and Lucas rolls his eyes.

“We have got to stop letting them be on the same team,” he grumbles.

But everyone knows that won’t ever happen and they’re just going to have to accept it.

End

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Author's Note:

> Anyways. I hope you’ll tell me what you thought. The reason I didn’t use this one as opposed to “things you said through your teeth, alternate” is because I could not think of a way to end it. Even now I think this was a bit abrupt way to close off.
>
> I’ll be back with more, soon!
>
> Until Next Time!